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LIFE AND LIGHT

FOR

Heathen Women.

PUBLISHED BY THE
WOMAN'S BOARDS OF MISSIONS.

1871-1872.

VOL. II.



BOSTON :
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The Woman's Board of Missions

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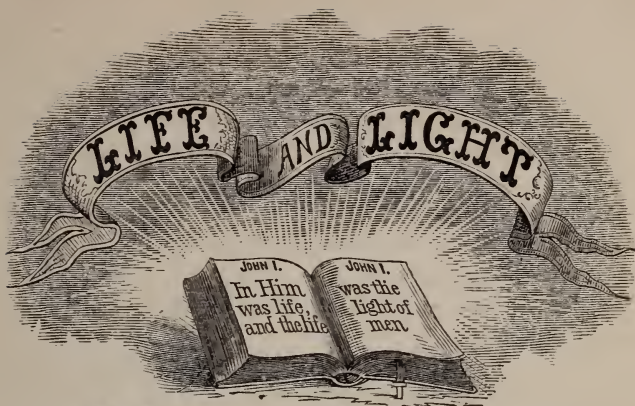
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* Letters for Mrs. Scudder to be addressed, 33 St. James Avenue.

INDEX TO VOLUME II.

- AFRICA, 12, 117, 159, 259, 308, 355:— Letter from Mrs. Bridgman, 12; General Meeting, 117; Seed-sowing, 159; The In-Gathering, 162; Letter from Miss Hance, 259; A Morning Call, 261; Letter from Miss Day, 273; An Old Zulu Woman, 308; Letter from Mrs. Mellen, 355.
- CHILDREN'S QUARTERLY, 41, 89, 137, 185, 233, 281, 329, 377:— Inattentive Little Girls, 41; Makubalo's Letter, 43; Hawaiian Girls, 44; The Tamii Girls, 89; The Kessab Children, 91; The Clocks, 91; The Kid at School, Our Missionary Meeting, 92; The Picnic, 137; Little Gold, 139; Bha-zu's Escape, 185; The Silver Necklace, 187; Thirsting for Knowledge, 188; Arthur's Letter, 191; Dooshagoon, the Bright Pupil, 233; The Cyprian Lamp, 234; Dolly's Missionary Box, 235; Praying Amie, 281; The Rag-picker God, 283; Harpoot Helpers, 329; Praying Amie's Sheaves, 331; Preta's Trial, 377; The Sacred Rooster, 379; Turkish Blunders, 380; Frankie's Mite-box, 383; We'll give Freely, 380; Dod's Money, 381; Anna and her Pice, 384.
- CHINA, 4, 55, 102, 148, 200, 250, 295, 343:— Letter from Miss Payson, 4; Chapel Teaching, 4; A Good Token, 4; Biblical Pictures, 5; A Prayer-Name, 5; Chinese Economy, 6; Church Dedication, 6; Josie's Fair, 6; Tieng-tie, 7; Letters from Miss Andrews, 55, 200; Wen Fee, 55; Mrs. Chau, 56; Kau Cheng, 56; Chapel Comforts, 57; Letter from Miss Andrews, 102; Meetings among the Women, 102; Opium-Smokers, 103; Mrs. Hoh, 104; Letter from Miss Payson, 148; "Hung Suk," 148; Fire-Cracker Makers, 149; Home Scenes, 149; Letter from Mrs. Chapin, 151; Buried Seed, 201; Early Fruit, 201; Letter from Miss Payson, 250; Brightening Prospects, 251; Lights and Shades, 295; The Silver Lining, 297; Opening Doors, 343.
- CEYLON, 57, 198:— Letter from Miss Townshend, 57; "A Lamb among Wolves," 58; Letters from Mrs. De Reimer, 60, 198; Strange Customs, 60.
- IN MEMORIAM:— Miss R. A. Norcross, 26; Miss Warfield, and Miss Norcross, 27; Mary R. Page, 315.
- INDIA, 1, 49, 97, 145, 193, 245, 289, 337:— Leaves from a Missionary's Journal, 1, 145; Out in the Villages, 49; Rachel and her Grandmother, 97; Rachel's Grandmother, 99; Letter from Miss Rendall, 128; Plans for the Future, 130; A Talk with High-caste Women, 193; Visits to a High-caste Widow, 197; Letter from Mrs. Chandler, 245; Letter from Miss Ashley, 248; Talks with the Heathen, 289; Who will help Them? 293; The Prayer of Penitence, 294; First Experiences, 337; The Burden-Bearer, 342.
- MEETINGS:— Annual, 17-25, 215-219; April, 72, 265-268; May, 312; June, 120-124; Salem, 166-172; New Haven, 359-364.
- MISSIONARY ITEMS, 262, 310.
- MISSION CIRCLES, 46, 94, 140, 189; 236, 284, 332, 381:— Chambers-Street Chapel, 46; Eugh-a-pers, 46; Little Gleaners, 46; Woburn Workers, 94; What Mission Circles can do, 94; Donations, 140, 236, 284, 332, 381; New Circles, 141; Willing Helpers, 141; Seek and Save Circle, 142; May we come in? 142; Maverick Hill, 189; Mt. Vernon Circle, 190; The Open Hands, 237; Nellie's Success, 238; The Zulu Helpers, 238; Missionary Workers, 285; Silver Star Circle, 285; The Willing Hearts, 286; The Gold Coin, 286; Voice from the Pacific, 287; Union Workers, 333; Monatiquot Circle, 333; A Doll's Missionary Fair, 334; Annuals, 334.

- MISCELLANEOUS**:—"Life and Light," 25; "Bringing Sheaves," 28; Our Philadelphia Branch, 73; "Thank God and take Courage," 74; To Patrons, 124; Words from Subscribers, 220; To Delinquents, 268; Extension of our Work, 316; The Weekly Pledge System, 316.
- PERSIA**, 14, 116:—Letter from Hoshebo, 14; Letter from Khartoon, 116.
- POETRY**, 7, 27, 47, 71, 95, 143, 165, 191, 240, 288, 314, 336, 358, 384.
- TURKEY**, 8, 62, 104, 152, 203, 241, 253, 298, 346:—Letter from Miss Rappleye, 8; Miss Powers's Journal, 9, 62; Letter from Miss Parmelee, 10, 300; Letters from Miss Seymour, 64, 107, 212; Elmas's Letter, 65; Letter from Miss Wood, 67; Letters from Miss Bush, 68, 112; The Bitlis School-House, 104; An Armenian Wedding, 110; The Broosa School, 115; The Iarsovan School, 152; A Telling Extract, 154; Anna the Bible-Woman, 154; The Home at Constantinople, 156; A Missionary Tour, 203; Miss Proctor's School, 203; School at Eski Zagra, 204; Visit to Marash, 204; Marika's Letter, 207; Appeal to Christian Mothers, 213; Visit to a Turkish Harem, 241; Letter from Miss Proctor, 253; Communion Season, 256; Letter from Miss Ely, 257; Letter from Miss Powers, 298; Letter from Miss Clarke, 303; Village Incidents, 305; Constantinople Home, 346; Plan of the Home School, 346; Reasons for the Plan, 349; Cheering Testimony, 351; Early Fruits, 352; Letter from Miss Cull, 353.
- Treasurer's Report, 124.
- WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE INTERIOR**.
- AFRICA**, 82, 273, 323:—Letters from Miss Day, 82, 273; A Hearty Welcome, 83; Daily Duties, 83; Visit to a Native Kraal, 83; A Monthly Concert Offering, 323.
- CHINA**, 77, 173, 226:—Leaf from the Journal of a Missionary, 77; "I am a Christian," 77; Poverty, 78; Letter from Miss Diamant, 78; Extracts from Miss Porter's Journal, 173; Sowing Seed among the Women, 173; Letter from Miss Thompson, 176; Letters from Miss Chapin, 177, 226; Incidents of a Missionary Tour, 228.
- CEYLON**, 35, 125, 230, 319:—Letters from Miss Hillis, 35, 125, 230; A Village School near Batticotta, 319.
- JAPAN**:—Women and Children in, 31.
- INDIA**, 31, 126, 180, 274:—Letter from Miss Taylor, 31, 126; An Earnest Scholar, 31; A New Custom, 31; Learning Good Manners, 31; Eager Listeners, 32; Sympathy prized, 32; Letters from Miss Kendail, 32, 128, 274; Roman Catholic converted, 33; Letter from Mrs. Bliss, 33; Young Brahmin Woman, 33; House of Rest, 34; A Hindoo Marriage, 129; Plans for the Future, 130; Zenuana Work, 180.
- MEETINGS**:—Annual, 276, 328, 369-376; Special, 38; Farewell, 376.
- MISSIONARIES**, Departure of, 184; Return of, 232, 328; Adoption of Missionaries, 328.
- MISCELLANEOUS**:—Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior, 29, 76, 125, 173, 221, 260, 317, 365; Our Missionaries, 30; Our Auxiliaries, 39; Suggestion, 40; A Precious Offering, 40; North American Indians, 84; Progress of the Work, 76, 85, 133, 231; Important Resolutions, 86; A Thank-Offering, 86; Turn down the Damper, 87; A Word to Correspondents, 135; Auxiliaries, 136; Review of the Year, 182; To Subscribers, 232, 328; Reports from Auxiliaries, 278; Garnavillo, Iowa, 278; Lyons, Iowa, 278; Rochester, Minn., 278; Owosso, Mich., 279; Miss Julia A. Lafromboise, 279; Indorsement of our Work, 324; Our Work among the Churches, 324; Receipts, 326; How a Mission Circle was formed, 326.
- PERSIA**:—Extract from Miss Dean's Letter, 36.
- TURKEY**, 36, 79, 130, 178, 221, 269, 322, 365:—Cheering Words, 36; "Pray for Us," 36; Call for Sympathy, 37; Letters from Mrs. Coffing, 37, 178; Lesson from Sickness, 37; Letter from Miss Maltbie, 79; Letter from Miss Beach, 80, 269; Roman Catholic enlightened, 80; Miss Van Duzee's Tour, 81; Progress, 130; Incidents of Missionary Travel, 178; Letter from Miss Hollister, 221; Letter from Miss Maltbie, 224; Letter from Miss Patrick, 269; Letter from Miss Van Duzee, 272; Zeitoon, 322; Gana, 365; Sultan, 368.



for
Heathen Women.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1871.

No. 1.

INDIA.

LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S JOURNAL.

THIS morning, while I was very busy, a Brahmin suddenly presented himself at the door, in a state of great excitement. I knew him well. He is a lawyer, and one of the most popular and affable men of this caste. His lips were quivering with emotion; and it touched me deeply to hear him say, —

“You are a mother indeed! I could go nowhere else! I’ve brought my wife for you to save her;” and the tears streamed down his face.

She had been gored in the abdomen by a cow; and, when I expressed my regret that he had brought her instead of sending for me, he replied, —

“I could not afford the risk of your not coming. You will tell me the truth, whether she will get over it.”

He had hurried on in advance of the cart, which now came up. She was the mother of several children; and all accompanied her,

from the young man of sixteen to the little one of two years, who was enjoying much the child-like urging-on of the bullocks. The old mother trudged tremblingly behind the cart, the jewelled daughters followed timidly after, all with sad and anxious faces, except the little driver. We led the poor woman slowly into the house. She was very faint; and her condition made the accident most unfortunate. It was a ghastly wound. The silence was broken by the impulsive man.

“Now for the truth. Don’t hide it: don’t think of my feelings!”

“Of course, I cannot judge of the shock,” I replied. “She is very faint, and much agitated. As for the wound, I am more afraid of you than of that.”

“Of me? What do you mean?”

“I mean, that after a day or two, if fever should come on, you will have *mutherams* said, and, not satisfied with my quiet way of doing things, you will be impatient for something else.”

Of course, he resented such suspicions. The wound was dressed, the sufferer revived and soothed; and the procession moved homeward.

The cart was sent for me at sundown; and I was very thankful to find that she had not been carried into one of those dark, close inner rooms, where I generally find the sick. I had particularly requested this. Moreover, she was on a cot. How it does add to one’s fatigue to have to bend to a patient lying upon the floor! It was an airy and cheerful place. There are no precepts of the shasters adapted to such accidents. It was to gratify the husband that I had come; but I had not satisfied myself until I had spoken of the great God and kind Father. I had answered many questions, most of them absurd; and, as I was ready to leave, I said to the group standing near, —

“Here is a woman like me. God has given her children, and given me children. She has had many earthly comforts, and so

have I. When I am in trouble, I like to ask him to help me ; and he has many times. Who can heal this woman so quickly as the great God who made her ? I can ask him to cure her in my own house ; but, if you are quite willing, I should like to ask him here to help us all, that we make no mistakes, and that he will soon restore her."

There were four old women listening, and I expected them to demur at the proposal. Wise in their own eyes, they are most tenacious of heathen customs. The husband was too polite to refuse, and said, "Certainly ;" adding to the others, "she is going to praise her Lord."

"Let her, let her !" cried the old women.

I fully expected they would all go about some household work at once ; but the silence was unbroken. It was a rare privilege to invite the Great and Holy One into that home where he never had been asked. As I finished the prayer, and looked at the sufferer, she was gazing steadfastly at me with one of the pleasantest smiles I ever saw.

"I shall trust no one but you," she said positively.

Every evening the cart has been sent for me ; and last night, when I said that there was no necessity for my coming again, that nothing could have been more satisfactory than the rapid healing of the wound, the thanks of all were quite oppressive. I told them of Jesus' miracles, and his readiness to bless every heart loving and trusting him. The younger ones listened with interest ; the wise old women gave civil attention ; and the husband looked at me politely and pleasantly as if I were a harmless enthusiast.

I visited two families this morning to see sick children. One house was that of a Brahmin lawyer, and the other of the low-caste cultivator. How little difference there was to me in the great matter, to them, of caste !

CHINA.

LETTER FROM MISS PAYSON.

MISS PAYSON writes from Fouchow, Nov. 29 : —

“ Were you to walk with me through these streets, swarming with people indifferent to any word of the life to come, you would be impressed with the vastness of our work.

CHAPEL-TEACHING.

“ A new preaching-place was opened in June last, in a part of the suburbs hitherto unvisited by missionaries. The women are ignorant of the simplest truths of the gospel. We go there every Tuesday, and find about twenty women and children present. Yesterday I went with Mr. and Mrs. Peet. The former often preaches in the front room to the men, while we are in a smaller rear apartment with the women. Usually our going and coming elicits only the cry of ‘ Hwang kiang ! ’ (foreign child) which, though not respectful, indicates no ill-will. But Mrs. Peet was attired in a dress of brilliant hue, which brought around us a crowd, and attracted so much notice that we were relieved when inside the chapel-door. This drew in half a dozen women to hear us ‘ read book. ’ Some of the unwashed boys also followed. I showed them a picture of Jesus on the cross. They asked about it, and listened while we sung, ‘ The Happy Land ’ and ‘ Jesus loves me. ’ The latter pleased them immensely. As we left, I exhorted the children to pray every day. ‘ Yes, ’ they replied ; ‘ and we must cover our eyes this way, ’ making the motion with their hands of the attitude we had taken.

A GOOD TOKEN.

“ Our audience is rarely the same : yesterday I saw only one present whom I had met before. She has been in several times, and answered promptly when asked who God was, and why the

Saviour came into the world. Her replies showed that the seed sown had not fallen into barren soil. She may be the first-fruits of our labors among these ignorant, unthinking women.

BIBLICAL PICTURES.

“Some time ago I sent to England for a series of biblical pictures, one for each Sabbath in the year, and find them very useful. They are in a deep frame, and so arranged that I can take out and put in the cuts at pleasure. The plates are about a foot and a half in length, and, being in bright colors, are attractive to Chinese eyes. Thursday afternoons, we have our school prayer-meeting, which several women from outside our compound attend. As I am not fluent in conversation, I write a story to go with each plate, which is put into good colloquial by my teacher, and read aloud by one of the older girls. They prize the picture and the narrative very much. Our last was the ‘Story of Joseph,’ the pathos of which Chinese girls appreciate fully. After our meeting I saw one of the scholars get the paper, and give it a second reading. She had been a slave in Shanghai; and the fact that Joseph was sold to be a slave awakened a deep interest in his career.

A PRAYER-NAME.

“The last addition to my school was a ragged little girl, seven years old, who bore the name of ‘Tieng-Tie;’ which means ‘add brothers!’ Disappointed at her birth, that she was only a girl, her parents gave her this name as a standing petition in the ears of the ‘mother goddess.’ Some think that the spirits of one’s dead enemies often take the form of girl infants, and return to earth to afflict the parents. A woman from an out-station called not long since, who said she had herself, in past years, destroyed eight of her daughters; but, since the missionaries had taught the mothers better, they did not drown their children as before.

CHINESE ECONOMY.

“The man and wife who have the care of our mission-boat have three children on the vessel, their only home, the oldest a boy about five years old. Recently the wife heard of a woman who had given birth to a daughter, which she was about to dispose of by drowning, as she had done with three other infants. Our boatman’s wife is a provident woman ; and knowing that in due time her eldest son would need a consort, to be paid for with a large sum of money, with thrifty forethought she adopted the infant, thus securing a wife for her boy.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

“Our new church, on the site of the one destroyed by fire in February, was dedicated last month, during the yearly meeting of the missionaries with the native helpers. ‘Blow ye the trumpet, blow!’ and ‘All hail the power of Jesus’ name!’ were sung with much fervor to the good old tunes so well adapted to the stirring words. Short addresses were made by the missionaries and native helpers ; two of the latter being quite eloquent.

JOSIE’S FAIR.

“You may be interested in learning how we obtained the bell for our new church. Two years since, before I left New York, a female member of a mission-church in that city held a fair for the benefit of my work in her three Lilliputian rooms. A few wealthy friends sent in fancy articles ; but the responsibility of the matter rested on herself, and lovingly and heartily she carried it through, clearing one hundred and seventy-five dollars. The tickets bore the inscriptions, ‘Josie’s Fair ;’ Josie being the mother’s three-year-old pet daughter. The ‘Fair’ money was deposited in a bank until the hour of need. Last year, when our little church vanished in flame and smoke, the pleasant thought came, that I would make ‘Josie’s Fair’ buy the new bell. As I shall hear its sweet tones above the worldly din, it will make rare music in my soul.”

Tieng-Tie.

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

'NEATH the fossiled sway of idols,
Hear a mother's anguished cry :
" Spare my baby this time, husband ;
Oh, I cannot have her die ! "

" Hush ! " saith he : " the gods are angry.
Woman, evil you have done ;
This is now the seventh daughter ;
Never gave you me a son.

" Hush your clamor and vain weeping :
It shall perish like the rest.
Girls are cheap, not worth their keeping ;
Curses, burdens, at the best.

" It shall die ! " The cruel father
Seizes then the child new-born,
Casts it in the ancient river,
Laughs the mother's grief to scorn.

" Thou shalt live ! " the yearning mother
Cries when he has left her side ;
Grasps her strangling babe, and bears it
From its burial in the tide.

" Saved from monsters of the waters,
In my bosom sweetly rest :
While I mourn thy murdered sisters,
Thou, dear one, shalt be caressed.

" Now, to turn thy father's anger,
' Ti-eng-Ti-e ' is thy name ;
That the goddess may ' add brothers,'
And give honor for our shame."

When will deeds of blood so fiendish,
And the faith in idols, cease ?
Saviour, fill the earth with glory ;
Come and bring the reign of peace !

TURKEY.

MISS RAPPLEYE, who is connected with our Home in Constantinople, writes, Nov. 29, of her safe arrival, and adds, —

“ I am very pleasantly situated at present in the family of Mr. Henry Dwight, and have commenced my studies with good health and spirits. When I call upon some of the Armenian families with Miss Laura Bliss, as I occasionally do, I find myself impatiently longing for ability to talk. She translates to me any thing of interest, and their polite and kind welcome cheers me.

“ To-day, the wife of a Protestant told me of her parents' opposition to her marriage to one of that faith. After waiting five years, the imperative counsel of her brother, who had in England seen the superior results of true religion, secured the transfer of her obligations from parents to her future husband. She had long believed in the Protestant religion, and cherished, in secret, hopes of sins forgiven ; but now she seems to enjoy her freedom, and lives in the light of truth. The expression on her face of trust, and anxiety to make a true consecration of her child as it received the ordinance of baptism last Sabbath, could not be mistaken. Her history makes me believe that probably there are many others who lack only courage to show they are receivers of the truth, and that the descent of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of his laborers and their work may prove the ‘ field already white unto the harvest.’

“ I am well and happy, with much to do, and look forward to busy days, until the last one shall have dawned and passed forever. God's word will never fail: it cannot fail. He will redeem the nations.”

Miss Fannie A. Nye, who is under appointment as medical missionary to the Constantinople Home, will graduate at the New-England Female Medical College March 1, and join Miss Rappleye as soon as practicable.

JOURNAL.

MISS POWERS of Antioch, in a late communication, writes, —

“ I will give another chapter from my journal, that you may understand something of my work while touring.

“ *Oct. 7.* — Reached Akiz Olook, a little village, after a two-miles’ ride by a rough bridle-path. Some of the women were on the roofs, looking over wheat for ‘boul-gour,’ the staple dish of the country, which is wheat picked over, boiled, dried, hulled, and broken in a hand-mill. ‘Boul-gour-osh’ is boul-gour cooked with butter and cabbage, squash, or lentiles. ‘Two women were grinding at a mill,’ and farther on several were at the tandour baking. They offered me a ‘bread,’ which I accepted. It is good while fresh, but after twenty-four hours is not tempting. I assembled the women for instruction. Near the door sat an old woman, bent double and nearly blind, who is always present on such occasions. Mariana (Mary), our teacher, told me that she was so fond of learning hymns, it was a pleasure to teach them to her; and at night, as the poor old creature lies awake alone, — for her son’s wife will not allow her to live with them, — she whiles away the weary hours repeating them. She often says to Mariana ‘What a great sinner I am!’ and asks questions of her duty and the higher life. ‘Oh, how good it is of the missionaries to leave their homes, and bring us these glad tidings! Would that it had been in my youth, that I, too, might have learned to read God’s word!’

“ *Sabbath, 16.* — Four of the large girls came to my room: we read Heb. xii. 1, 2, and talked it over. It is difficult to get the women to think about a passage of Scripture, and express an opinion. When I asked one of them, a professing Christian, whether she had any besetting sin, she thought not! Doubtless this was her honest opinion. Five hundred men and women, our audience of to-day, were seated on mats, and separated by a railing two and a half feet high. The brides were noticeable by a coarse

crimson satin dress, figured with yellow exclamation points in rows. Most of the women and children are distinguished by the number and variety of patches on their garments, which defy all attempts to discover the original material.

“ *Wednesday, 19.* — We went to Kerkenneh, a hamlet about a mile away.

“ The women were gathering bayberries and stripping tobacco. We had a pleasant meeting. The children swarmed ; but at the close I was saddened by the failure in getting the two large girls whose parents I have labored long and hard to persuade.

“ *Friday, Oct. 21.* — Father and I went to Ripsy, a village on the other side of the Orontes. We ate our lunch under a myrtle-tree, by a spring where a young woman was washing. A flat stone was her wash-tub, her hands her scrubbing-board, and a rock her clothes-line. Ripsy lies on the seaward side of a mountain, and we arrived just in time to see the sun set in the Mediterranean. The next morning nine women and two girls, not Protestants, came in. I read Matt. xiii. 1–23, talked and prayed with them. They listened civilly, but did not seem much interested. When I urged their learning to read, they replied, ‘ If you will come and teach us, we will.’ ”

(To be continued.)

LETTER FROM MISS PARMELEE.

“ THE maps, so kindly sent us, are a delight to our eyes. The bright, fresh colors very much relieve the walls of our school-room ; and I sympathize with the glances which the pupils give them when wearied with a hard hour’s work in arithmetic. They long for Bible truth after they have had a taste of it, and comprehend and retain all that we can give them. The old, old story of Christ and his salvation is what they most need.

“ Early in September, as soon as the extreme heat moderated, we tried the experiment of having no school Thursday afternoon,

and sending out the women, two by two, to visit from house to house, and read and pray as they found opportunity. Not that they go everywhere : the door of entrance to Moslem houses is far from being open to us ; and there are Christian homes where it would not be proper for our unmarried girls to go. They select a Protestant house where only the man has accepted the truth, and go in to see the wife. Often six or eight of the neighbors will drop in to listen to their instructions ; after which, some one of the hearers will obtain access for them to another house, where they are made equally welcome. In this we can judge of their fitness for the work. We go with them when we can, and greatly enjoy it ; but every day's experience confirms my impression, that we cannot do as much real good by our visits as our native sisters. The women are usually glad to see us : they like to scan our clothes, listen to our broken Arabic, and question us about our manners and customs ; but when we urge the advantages of learning to read, and point out the way of salvation, our words have little weight compared with the earnest testimony of one of their own number who has accepted the truth. For example : Miriam of Kullaat, the other day, was urging a woman to learn to read, and was met by the common excuses, ' No time,' ' What is the use ? ' and, strongest of all, ' No mind, how can I learn ? ' When, in the course of the talk, it came out that Miriam herself was from a village, — city people have great contempt for villagers, and for Koordish villagers most of all, — the woman seemed greatly surprised, exclaiming, ' Wonderful ! You from Kullaat, and can read ! ' her tone implying that her ideas of her own ability to learn to read had undergone a change. Miriam laughed heartily as she told us ; and I laughed too, wondering if it would have been possible for me to have brought forward any argument so powerful." As we see the discretion of these native helpers, their tact in meeting objections, their earnestness in pressing home truth, we are thankful for such efficient co-laborers."

AFRICA.

MRS. LAURA B. BRIDGMAN writes from Umzumbi, Natal, South Africa, Sept. 1, —

“ I would like to help you to some acquaintance with the women of South Africa. I doubt if you will find any so dark-minded and degraded. Among all heathen people, the women are far beneath the men ; but with few are the men so ignorant and low as here. They have minds capable of cultivation and enlightenment ; but long ages of darkness, superstition, and vice, have brought them very low. Polygamy is a favorite custom ; which, of itself, leads to great oppression and persecution of the female sex, as also the buying and selling of wives and daughters. The woman thus becomes a chattel and slave. The native says of his daughters, “ They are my cattle, my money, and my merchandise. My wives are my cattle, my horse, my plough, and my wagon. I bought her, and paid for her, and have a right to beat and kill her if I choose.” The father, or oldest brother, sells the daughter or sister to him who can pay for her the greatest number of cattle ; giving her no opportunity for choice, and thus often connecting her for life with a person whom she abhors. Such treatment leads to much opposition and rebellion. Often the girl runs away, sometimes effecting a complete escape, but generally is pursued by her relatives, and forced to return. In many instances she has been known to resist unto death, perhaps being poisoned by her hostile relatives, or committing suicide to escape what she feels would be worse than death. Her life is rendered hopelessly dark and miserable. She has no light or joy in this world, no thought or knowledge of any in the world to come. Her kraal, though a dwelling-place, is no home to her. Hatred, jealousy, and strife are constant inmates ; but love never enters

there. She leads a life of base servitude and fear. A veteran missionary has said, 'I believe there is hardly one kraal where there is not found a woman who endeavors to poison her fellow-woman, in order to become the only wife of her husband, or to poison him, in order to connect herself with another ; or a husband who does not the same, in order to get rid of one or more of his wives for the sake of reclaiming the cattle paid for them, and so marry others.

This is the moral condition of God's creatures, bearing once his image, and capable of being raised by the power of gospel truth to civilization and refinement ; capable also of becoming "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, of the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Shall we deny the light of life to these benighted souls ?

Let us look at their temporal condition. Here we see a native woman grinding, "not at the mill," but on a stone, according to their custom. She is grinding "Indian corn," it having been softened a little by boiling. She holds in her hands a smaller stone, by which she crushes the grain. Beside the stone is a cup made of clay, and a wooden spoon. On the other side of the stone is a calabash for milk. When the milk is very sour, it is considered fit for food, and is esteemed a luxury. The dress of the woman is an ox-skin, softened by rubbing, and tied just above the hips. A dress of this kind lasts from one to two years, and is never washed. The child is also fastened to the back by a skin. The arm ornaments are strips of skin with the hair left on. The head-dress is a wreath, made of the skin and hair of the goat. The hair of the woman is filled with red clay, and rolled in strings, which hang over the eyes. Combing, of course, is an impossibility ; neither is the head ever washed. Another style common with some tribes, and which seems preferable as to cleanliness, is to leave a tuft of hair upon the crown, while the rest is shaven close.

Another employment of the native women is digging in the

field with a hoe of immense weight, while the child is borne upon the back. She digs, plants, weeds, and watches the garden. She does the harvesting, and carries the grain home upon her head. She brings wood from the bush, and water from the river. She cooks the food ; and, when it is ready, the man eats and is filled. If any remains, the women eat, and then the children, and lastly the dogs : but, if there is but little, the man may finish all, while wife, children, and dogs go hungry ; for times of famine are not infrequent.

Do you ask if these women are susceptible of cultivation ? Mrs. Edwards has in her school girls whom she considers equal in all respects to white girls with similar advantages. Their great want is instruction ; and this is the object of our work to impart in every possible way. We rejoice, and feel strengthened, to learn that many in our native land are interested to aid us in the work."

PERSIA.

LETTER FROM HOSHEBO.

WE are indebted to Miss Rice for the translation of this letter, received by her from one of our Bible-readers connected with the Oroomiah Female Seminary :—

"To you many thanks for your gladdening letter. It reached me just when I had a Bible-class of the older girls, Sabbath afternoon. My spirit rejoiced so greatly that for a little while I stopped teaching. When I saw the beloved picture of your sister with your letters, I thought that I beheld you both. My heart was not quiet until I had kissed it many times. Ah ! truly more bitter than death is love. This separation wishes a great deal of patience.

“ Respected sister of my love, you requested me to tell you about my religious employments. All my hours are full of work. I teach six classes every day, besides teaching Miss Dean, and generally have devotional exercises for half an hour at the opening of the school. Three times a week, the school sing with Mrs. Labaree. The girls sew the whole of one afternoon for the missionary society, The Golden Chain.

“ You wish to know particularly about spiritual matters among the daughters. For a long while we did not receive life-giving mercy-drops ; and many of the pupils were pressing on in the broad road, apparently, exceedingly careless. I was greatly distressed on account of the weight of sin crushing many of our flock on desolate mountains ; but, I rejoice to tell you, this month we have received with gladness the visitation of the beloved Bridegroom. Yes, these are the days in which have been recorded the birthdays of many sinners in our fold. Last Sabbath I was broken down with grief. Every voice was stinging my heart. At the going out of the Sabbath, we girded ourselves for a loud knocking on the door of grace. We had six or seven prayers, with bitter tears, and between them confessions from sinners and careless Christians. There were many tokens of the hovering of the Spirit, and his willingness to change our state of coldness and lukewarmness, and to rid our school of guilt.

“ Then, at the close, I said, ‘ Daughters, I am willing to deny myself the pleasure of a little time that I have for walking after supper. I will stop in the schoolroom ; and whoever has a willing heart may come there, to unite together in prayer.’ Four girls came ; and every night the number has increased, until there are fifteen. We have found it a very pleasant season. There are several prayers offered, and the girls speak about the state of their hearts, — what inclinations they have, and what they would have. It is evident to me that a strengthening power is reaching every stature and degree. I hope that

you will not forget this flock at every kneeling before the throne of grace ; for many have not yet tasted that the Lord is gracious. We have only three in our school who are daughters of the covenant, or communicants. There are seven who hope, that, after a little, they will commune at the Lord's supper ; but as yet they are being proved. Beloved, you see how needy our school is. After three weeks, the girls will have a short vacation, and on their return will read six weeks more. I will convey your especial love to Elishwa (her daughter), and hope that you will remember her in your prayers constantly, that she may have fellowship with us from her childhood, and not be left outside the sheepfold of Jesus of Nazareth. My father came this week, and gladdened me a little by telling of her diligence in study ; but I have great anguish for the salvation of her soul, because there is no one by her side to cause her to kneel beneath the feet of the bleeding Lamb, that the Word of life may impress her young heart while it is yet tender.

“ Accept much love from all the school daughters. I think that here we can never reach fully the nearness of love in these shadows of letters, until we arrive at the perfect substance in heaven. Give my salutations to all your companions. I am sorry that my pen and language are strange to you. In peace,

“ Your true lover,

“ HOSHEBO.”

Twenty-four years ago, when Miss Rice first went to Persia, Hoshebo, then a little girl, entered the Oroomiah Female Seminary. Untruthful, dishonest, self-willed, and obstinate, she was for a time a great trial. Grace subdued this turbulent spirit. She became the wife of a native pastor, and proved a devoted helpmeet. Bereaved of her husband and several children, she gave herself anew to missionary work, and has ever been an efficient co-laborer.

Our Work at Home.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE third annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions was held in Mt. Vernon Church, Tuesday, Jan. 3, at ten o'clock, A.M.

Mrs. Bowker, the President, conducted the devotional exercises, reading from John xx. the account of Mary's visit to the sepulchre; and called attention to this manifestation of the regard of Jesus for Christian woman. Touched by her devotion and love, he permitted her to be the first herald of the glad tidings of the risen Lord. He saw her as she followed him to his tomb; his eye rested on her as she prepared spices for his burial; and, while she loved in secret, he rewarded her openly.

ANNUAL REPORT.

The Annual Report was submitted by Mrs. Edwin Wright; which showed a gratifying increase of contributions to the treasury, and enlarged circulation of "Life and Light" and its "Echoes." The life-membership has reached a thousand and upward, and the subscribers to "Life and Light" number nearly four thousand; while the auxiliaries are now one hundred and forty-eight, having more than doubled the last year.

The missionaries under support have increased from fifteen to twenty-five; Bible-women from fifteen to thirty; and schools from five to eight.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The treasurer, Mrs. Homer Bartlett, reported the receipts during the year to be \$21,106.82, besides legacies of \$15,300

towards a permanent fund. She also reported a thank-offering of \$500 just received from "a friend," to constitute eighteen missionaries and two others life-members of the W. B. M., and a pledge of thirty dollars monthly, from L. F. B., for the support of a missionary.

BIBLE-READERS.

Mrs. Miron Winslow, one of the Corresponding Secretaries, read a report in reference to the native Bible-women, who render valuable aid to the missionaries by going about reading the Bible wherever they have opportunity, and who find ready listeners in women working in the fields, as well as in the zenanas and hospitals, which they frequent for the purpose. Some of them are well educated, and capable of reading the sacred word in two or three languages. Many of them receive no compensation, regarding it a labor of love; but there are others, as in Constantinople, and in the larger districts, who must be provided for by the society. In some places, women who receive only two cents a day contribute to maintain a reader. About two-thirds of those assumed by the W. B. M. are supported by auxiliary societies; and two ladies in Boston, and another in Andover, each support one. It is hoped to increase the number of Bible-women, till they shall penetrate every dark recess of heathendom.

A verse of an original hymn was sung, after which extracts from foreign correspondence were read by Miss White of Ipswich Female Seminary, in the absence of Mrs. Gould, Corresponding Secretary. The letters read were from Mrs. Capron in India, and one from Mrs. Haskell in Turkey, giving an account of the sickness and death of Miss Norcross.

Miss West, returned missionary from Turkey, then addressed the meeting on the subject of Woman's Work. She was glad to look upon so many sisters here in Boston; but, unless God should use her this day in arousing some one, she would rather

be in Turkey, surrounded by women dressed in their white sheets, and listening to the story of the cross. The employment of woman in such work was no new dispensation: the coming of Christ was revealed to woman; and, when Jesus was upon earth, women ministered unto him. This we may still do; for he has said, "Inasmuch, as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Miss West made affecting allusions to the death of Miss Warfield, and narrated many interesting incidents of self-denial for Christ's sake to which she had been witness during the fifteen years of her missionary life.

The morning session was closed by singing one verse of the hymn, "Jesus paid the debt."

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The large audience of the morning re-assembled with increased numbers at 2 o'clock, P.M. The nominating committee appointed at the morning session reported a list of officers, the same as last year, with the addition of Miss Abby B. Child of Boston as Home Secretary, all of whom were duly elected.

Reports from delegates were then called for.

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Mrs. Wright read a letter from Mrs. Burdett Hart, President of the Philadelphia Branch, from which we make the following extracts:—

"All the sisters of this branch of your family,—all the Marys and Marthas, the Ruths and Abigails, and Sarahs and Rebeccas, salute you. We salute you with a kiss of charity. We fondly hoped to have sent our salutations by the hand and voice of our dear delegate, Mrs. Wilcox, who was of you before she was of us, and who now belongs doubly to both; and we sincerely regret that she is unexpectedly detained at home. As we are but eight months old, we have our history yet to make, and but little of it to give. At present we can count but four boughs on our little branch. That in Washington, D.C., first

showed signs of life, beginning its preparation for work in May, but not perfecting the organization till October. Under the lead of Mrs. Senator Pomeroy, they have moved well and vigorously, and have now forty-three members, including seven children and four life-members, and have contributed one hundred and ten dollars to our treasury.

In Franklinville, N.J., seven sisters banded together (sacred number for sacred work), on the 28th of September, with the firm belief that every female member of their little church would soon be in the missionary society. At the latest report this was secured, with one exception; and the little church, that seemed almost ready to die, had taken new life and vigor."

AUXILIARIES.

Mrs. PEARSON of Andover reported the progress of the work in that town. The auxiliary of one hundred members, waking to life about a year since, has given three hundred dollars to the W. B. M. A member supports a Bible-reader in India. The meetings of the society have been uniformly of deep interest, and precious in results.

Mrs. O. H. WHITE of New Haven reported the formation of a woman's missionary society in that city, in April, 1870, which had raised five hundred dollars, and assumed the support of Mrs. Edwards of the Zulu mission, two girls in her training-school, three girls in other schools, and one Bible-reader. Mrs. W. alluded to the suggestion, emanating from their society, of concerted prayer for our missionaries, which had met with universal approval, and expressed the hope that our missionary societies "shall so recognize the concert of prayer, that it shall be as much identified with their membership as the yearly subscription; so that those who come after us shall take it up, leaving it, in their turn, to succeeding generations."

A letter from the secretary of the Leominster Society thus alluded to its founder, the late Mrs. William J. Batt:—

“Our dear president, who has given her whole heart to the progress of this good work, now lies with folded hands, and lips forever sealed in death. Nowhere, outside of her family, will she be more missed than in our Woman’s Board. Gifted with rare talents, she consecrated them all to the work of missions; and brought to our meetings a zeal and earnestness which warmed all our hearts, and made our gatherings full of interest.” We also quote from a communication from her afflicted husband, enclosing twenty-five dollars for a life-membership, to collect which had been almost her last effort: “If any money has a peculiar blessing with it in your work, I am sure this will have, consecrated as it has been by the prayers that went up from a dying bed.” These facts were rendered the more affecting, as we learned by letter from Rev. A. H. Plumb, that, at the very hour of our meeting, “devout hands would be bearing her to her burial.”

Mrs. Luther Wright reported an auxiliary connected with the Maverick Church, East Boston, which has assumed the support of Miss Rice, for twenty-two years connected with Oroomiah Female Seminary. Under their superintendence are two children’s societies, — “The Maverick Rill” and “Zulu Helpers.” The latter, by means of a fair, raised one hundred and eighty-five dollars for Mrs. Edwards’s school for Zulu girls.

A letter was also read from Mrs. Loring Johnson, secretary of a society in Walpole, reporting twenty-five members, with a contribution of one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

The Newburyport auxiliary, consisting of one hundred and seventy-five members, eight of whom are life-members, contributing two hundred and twenty-five dollars, was reported through its secretary by Mrs. Lemuel E. Caswell.

Mrs. Wright read letters from societies in Malden, and Tabernacle Church, Salem, which support each a Bible-reader; and from one in Greenwich, Conn., which has one hundred and

six members, and two life-members, supporting two Bible-readers.

The society in West Newton reports a membership of forty-seven, with a contribution of sixty-eight dollars, which, by vote of the society, has been appropriated to Miss Ursula C. Clarke, Western Turkey.

A WORD FROM MT. HOLYOKE.

Miss French, principal of Mt. Holyoke Female Seminary, was introduced, who said she was happy to bear the greetings of the members of that seminary to the Woman's Board of Missions. The preceding day had been one of great interest with them. Miss Lyon had set apart the first Monday in January for prayer for the conversion of the world. The observance of this day had been attended with a special blessing, leading her pupils to a higher consecration to the Master, as she bade them look abroad to the nations sitting in darkness, and to the work woman has to do in leading them to Christ.

The custom is still observed, and nearly one hundred have gone out from the seminary to the foreign field. Miss French continued, "Our contributions are annual, but we hope to take higher ground. When Christ delivered us from our sins, we promised all we had. Can we not give quarterly what we now give annually? In this audience there may be daughters of Mt. Holyoke: let me assure you that your names are remembered in the dear old home every morning. All who owe their education to Mt. Holyoke are pledged to sustain the cause of Christ wherever they may be placed. The money which reared those walls would otherwise have been given to missionary objects. Shall we not aim at a more perfect consecration to this work than ever before? Not for the sake of this Woman's Board, but for the sake of the honored Master, who gave himself for us."

A verbal statement was made of the Fall-River auxiliary, of

ninety-one members, and six life-members, supporting Miss Seymour of Harpoot ; and also of the Chambers-street Chapel, Jamaica Plain, and Concord, Mass.

A letter was read from Claremont, N.H., which accompanied a cone basket, made with great labor and pains-taking by a poor invalid girl, shortly before her death, as a gift to the missionary society. The President, exhibiting the basket, stated that it had been decided to preserve it in the rooms of the society for voluntary contributions.

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES.

Extracts from foreign correspondence were read by Miss White, including letters from Miss Powers at Antioch, Miss Parmelee in Eastern Turkey, and Mrs. Chapin, returned missionary from China, who regretted her inability to be present, and bear her testimony to the blessed results of the plan of sending out single ladies. "I feel," says she, "very strongly on this subject, and wish I could make all the supporters of the Woman's Board realize what advantage these single ladies have over us poor busy housekeepers and anxious mothers. A great number of women have heard of a Saviour's love in Tung Chow this last year, who could not have heard it had our Mary (Miss Andrews) had family cares. I am sure that in China five or six young ladies could at this time find just as much as they could do ; and my earnest prayer for you is, that you may soon be so enlarged that this shall be the case. Then think of the thousands of women in villages, to whom women alone can get access. When I get thinking about it, I feel that I must leave this poor tired body, and fly to Boston, and tell you what China is asking of your Woman's Board, and beg you not to be content till your workers are numbered by hundreds."

The last two verses of the original hymn were then sung, when Miss West, who spoke in the morning, resumed her remarks, and said, "Before opening my 'crown jewels' I must

refer to Mt. Holyoke. The name of Mary Lyon has gone out to the ends of the earth, and many rise up and call her blessed. I have often told the story of Mary Lyon to the girls in Harpoot; and now they are trying to get up a Mt. Holyoke of their own, and Kohar, our 'jewel,' will be preceptress." She then produced several trinkets and ornaments worn by native women and esteemed as their dowry, but which had been given to help build a chapel, and had been bought as keepsakes by missionaries. Miss W. then made a deeply affecting appeal for sympathy toward the missionaries who leave, and toward those, who, when worn out, return to their native land. Alluding to the interest felt in our returned soldiers, she added, "When God's scarred veterans come home with shattered nerves and impaired digestion, will you not care for them? They cannot rest on missionary ground: they come home, and the home is gone, — the mother is gone, brothers and sisters scattered, and they are strangers and pilgrims, — yes, strangers at home. Will you not remember these? Will you not take them to your hearts? Will you not remember the missionary widow, and do as you would if it were for Christ? The children, too, miss father and mother: will you not care for them? Let us pray for a baptism of the Holy Spirit, a new consecration."

The President then appealed for help at home in the formation of auxiliaries, and requested any who were willing to render voluntary aid in their own districts to send up their names. At this time the cone basket, which had been circulated by request among the audience, was returned well filled, the contributions amounting to one hundred and twenty-six dollars; and Mrs. Bartlett further reported the receipts of the day to be fifteen hundred dollars.

Mrs. Dr. Anderson then addressed the meeting, urging the importance of educating the children in families and Sabbath schools to habits of benevolence, and interest in the work of sending the gospel to the heathen. "The sympathies of chil-

dren are quick and strong ; and, if mothers and teachers are really interested in works of benevolence, the children will catch the spirit, and will wish to do something to help them on. For some years the children's share in the missionary work has been too much overlooked ; and we need to educate them to feel their responsibility in sending to others a part of the blessings they enjoy. We need to bring back the missionary boxes, to enlist the children in penny-a-week subscriptions, to devise means for their saving, and earning too, a little money for the poor heathen children ; and, if they can be thus educated to habits of benevolence and self-denial, much good will result to themselves and eventually to others." She recommended the "Echoes" of "Life and Light," published quarterly, and the missionary box, as valuable aids to mothers in instilling a missionary spirit in their children.

A vote of thanks was then passed for the use of Mount Vernon Church ; after which the President gave notice of some proposed changes in the Constitution, to be acted upon at the next meeting of the Society ; and the services were closed by singing the Doxology.

MRS. J. A. COPP, *Rec. Sec.*

For Treasurer's Report, see "Missionary Herald" for December, January, and February.

LIFE AND LIGHT

WILL be published quarterly, by the WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS, at the subscription price of FIFTY CENTS a year, payable in advance. It may be obtained on application to SECRETARY W. B. M., at Missionary House, 33 Pemberton Square, Boston.

We trust our friends will interest themselves in obtaining subscribers for us.

Obituary.

IN Eski Zagra, Turkey, Nov. 4, our devoted missionary teacher,

MISS ROSELTHA A. NORCROSS,

closed her earthly labors, for the employments of heaven. Her disease was consumption ; and, after weeks of severe suffering, she died in great peace.

She was born in Templeton, Mass., educated at Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and in March, 1867, left her beautiful mountain home for her chosen work. In this consecration, the early longings of her mother, to devote herself to the foreign mission service, were realized in the daughter.

Miss Norcross possessed enthusiasm with great executive ability, which secured success in her undertakings. Divinely called to her work, so entirely was her heart enlisted in it, that her spirit was eminently contagious.

After speaking of the bereavement of her associates, Rev. Mr. Bond writes, "We contemplate her death with even more pleasure than her life. Nothing could be more triumphant. The joyful light of heaven so streamed down into the room, that we could see no dark intervening river. Her last night was spent in prayer and praise. She sent messages to the dear friends at home : "Tell them there is nothing worth living for, but working for Jesus ;" and to her children, as she called her pupils, she said, "Prepare to meet me in heaven." She requested Eleuka, the native teacher, to pay a small debt for her, remarking, "How many debts I owe the Saviour !" Mrs. Bond sang,

" Jesus paid it all, —
All the debt I owe ; "

which greatly comforted her.

The school flourished constantly under her charge. She brought to it rare qualifications ; and one of her choicest gifts was the ability to lead her scholars to the Saviour. They were deeply attached to her ; and, when they learned that she was dead, "their grief at first was violent ; but as they were told how peaceful and happy she was, how she prayed for them, and the joy into which she had entered, they became calm." On Friday the dear girls brought their offerings of flowers for her burial ; and Saturday morning, "amid tears and sobs," took their last farewell, as she lay robed in death before the desk in their schoolroom.

She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.

In Memoriam.

MISS WARFIELD AND MISS NORCROSS.

So quickly gathered to the Shepherd's bosom !
Safe folded there,
Where flow the living waters of salvation
Mid pastures fair,
Their fresh young lives, like lambs upon the altar
But just laid down,
An offering to the Lord of sweetest savor,
And lo, the crown !

Full many a heart at home had learned their story ;
And lovingly
Full many an ear was bent to catch glad tidings
From o'er the sea,
Where Harpoot's daughters saw a star arising
Far in the East,
And Eski Zagra's maidens gladly welcomed
The gospel feast.

Yet Harpoot hears to-day with wounds fresh opened,
And bated breath,
That Eski Zagra weeps her much-loved teacher,
Low laid in death.
Oh ! is their earthly mission closed forever ?
Warm hearts that yearned
To cull such golden fruitage for the Master
Has Jesus spurned ?

Ask of each wave that washeth fair Mauritius,
Each airy breath
Fresh from the grave where Harriet Newell sleepeth
Mighty in death.
Mark well the lesson : Christ's true martyrs, dying,
Are precious seed,
Buried, to rise with forces still increasing,
A host indeed.

C. L. SMITH.

“BRINGING SHEAVES.”

Two years ago “Life and Light” went forth winged by faith and prayer, without a subscriber, a pledged correspondent, or a pen to edit its pages.

God had opened the eyes of a few women to discern its need, as a medium through which our missionary sisters could plead for perishing women abroad, auxiliary societies be formed and strengthened, and the sympathies of the children of Christian homes and Sunday schools be secured for the heathen.

In a good degree this work has commenced. During the last year, its “Children’s Corner” was separately issued, as “Echoes from Life and Light,” and, with inspiring words for the young, sped its way each quarter to more than four thousand homes.

“Life and Light” enters upon its third year with nearly five thousand subscribers, who widely represent our land. Our many missionaries are engaged to ply the pen in picturing for its pages China’s opening door, the crumbling walls of caste in India, the disenthralment of women in Turkey, the dark kraals of Africa, and the triumphs of the cross in the islands of the sea.

We are happy to announce, that the “Woman’s Board of Missions for the Interior” will in future adopt our periodical as their organ of communication, and will furnish quarterly twelve additional pages, respecting their home and foreign work. Thus the two boards, which have ever been one in heart and purpose, are strengthened by this new bond of union. Together may we reap in the whitening fields, and, “bringing our sheaves with us,” rejoice in the great harvest-day of the Lord.

As “Life and Light” has been edited gratuitously, it has always paid for its printing. The expenses of our home department for the last year were defrayed from its revenue. While we shall give twelve more pages in each number, the price, fifty cents annually, remains the same. Will not our friends prevent loss to our treasury by securing its increased circulation?



WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE INTERIOR.

WITH the opening of a new year, the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior gladly welcome the proposal of the Woman's Board of Missions at Boston to enlarge this little Quarterly, and give us a share in its pages.

With our fourteen missionaries, our two hundred life-members, our one hundred auxiliaries, and the hope of constant expansion and progress in our work, we feel the need of a medium of communication between those who have gone from our Western homes to scatter "Life and Light" in foreign lands, and those who, by their prayers and contributions, have given them the privilege of thus laboring for Christ.

We welcome, therefore, this little messenger, which will carry, from time to time, tidings from our missionary sisters to the ever-widening circle of earnest workers who are striving at home to sustain and cheer them. We would spread far and wide their entreaties that the cause to which they have consecrated themselves may have a larger place in the sympathies and prayers of God's people in their native land, and that their numbers may be increased by many who are willing to give up all for Christ.

The earnest response which comes to such appeals, and the record of efforts to extend the missionary spirit, will also find an appropriate place in these pages.

Many of the older and more wealthy churches of the interior

and North-west have already done nobly in this work. Their interest and cheerful liberality have greatly encouraged our hearts. But we prize none the less the warm words of sympathy, and the gifts which tell of sacrifice for the Master's sake, coming from the feeble, struggling churches springing up over our Western prairies. Who can say that He who multiplied the loaves and the fishes for the feeding of the multitude will not make these offerings of love, accompanied by the prayer of faith, the means of spiritual life and refreshing to thousands of souls?

We rejoice in this new bond of union between us and our sisters at the East. In thus working together we hope we may mutually help and strengthen each other, and, by the wider circulation of missionary intelligence, enlist many more hearts in systematic efforts to extend Christ's kingdom.

OUR MISSIONARIES.

Included among the fourteen missionaries whose support has been assumed by the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior are Miss Minnie C. Beach and Miss E. T. Maltbie, laboring in European Turkey; Mrs. Josephine Coffing and Miss Mary G. Hollister, in Central Turkey; Miss C. O. Van Duzee, in Eastern Turkey; Miss N. J. Dean, in Persia; Miss Martha S. Taylor, Miss Sarah H. Pollock, and Miss Mary E. Rendall, connected with the Madura Mission; Miss H. A. Hillis, of Ceylon; Miss Mary H. Porter, Miss Mary A. Thompson, and Miss Naomi Diamant, in North China; and Miss Laura A. Day of the Zulu Mission.

Mrs. Lloyd, who had been adopted by this Board, having married Dr. Lindley, a surgeon under the patronage of the Natal government, has removed to a district inland, beyond the limits hitherto of the Zulu mission-field. Several native converts have accompanied her; and she wishes to be regarded still as engaged in missionary efforts for the good of the people.

INDIA.

LETTER FROM MISS TAYLOR.

MISS TAYLOR writes from South India, Aug. 10, 1870. She says, "The school I consider my particular work. The first day of the term seventeen boys and eight girls who were with us last year returned. The girls will come from one to three years more. I notice a marked difference this year in three things in these girls. They have left off bad words and names, they do not quarrel, and are much happier. Two new ones have been received, who will remain several years, and one young woman will stay with us until her marriage, which will take place in a month.

AN EARNEST SCHOLAR.

"One of our pupils began learning to read at home. As she could not find an opportunity during the day, she read evenings, blowing the fire for light. At last she begged her father to send her to school for a month, and let her cook her food. Being a rich man, and seeing her earnestness, he consented, and furnished her food. She enters into the work heartily, and her eagerness to learn makes her quite a heroine in our eyes.

A NEW CUSTOM.

"The boys in this school are expected to draw all the water, which is an entirely new thing for these young lords. At the beginning of the term, though they were old scholars, they demurred; and I had to reason with them several times to bring them into their former habits. They also help pound the grain, if any of the girls are not able.

LEARNING GOOD MANNERS.

"I have taught the girls and some of the boys the game of croquet. It affords a favorable opportunity to teach them good manners, and they enjoy it much. I have not seen any of them show

a disposition to be overbearing or unfair. One of the girls is a fine player, and the boys do not conceal their admiration of her skill.

EAGER LISTENERS.

“There are four villages which I usually visit every Saturday. When I enter the church, the men all gather. I tell them at once that I came to see the women, and I want them to go away. After repeating it several times, the idea at last dawns upon their minds, and they turn away in amazement. Then the women come gladly, wondering to behold one who especially desires to see them.

“I must let them give vent to their curiosity somewhat, before they can listen attentively. They ask ‘why I do not wear jewels, why not get married,’ &c. Even after they are listening quietly, some thinking one is sure to ask a question on a subject not clear to her, and start a clamor again. My way of giving them to understand that I want silence is by becoming silent myself. Everywhere they like to listen, and I always find some who are really interested in the subject presented. The large company will remain a long time, then go away. After that they come in companies of two or three, and so I am kept busy all day.

SYMPATHY PRIZED.

“It strengthens us to know how interested the sisters in America are in this work ; and it has an effect upon these poor women too, to hear that you, so far away, are laboring and praying for them.”

LETTER FROM MISS RENDALL.

Miss Rendall, in a letter from Battalagundu, Madura, mentions some interesting cases among the boys of the boarding-school located there.

“There was found some time ago, in a village, a poor, ignorant heathen boy. But he seemed desirous for more light, and so he was brought to this school. Here he became a true,

earnest Christian. He has since persuaded his mother and sister to embrace Christianity ; and we have sanguine hopes that at least four families in his village will receive the truth unto salvation through his efforts.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVERTED.

“ Another, who is a married man, was once a very strong Roman Catholic. But he saw the error of his ways, and rejected them. When he joined the church his wife was very angry, and threatened to leave him on account of it ; but she, too, has been subdued, and now listens to the truth very attentively.”

LETTER FROM MRS. BLISS.

Mrs. Bliss of Ahmednuggur writes, “ I have lately been invited to the house of a wealthy banker to meet the young widow of his recently deceased son. My heart went out to the poor, frightened little thing of only seventeen years, who had sat in that gloomy room nearly six months, according to a custom of her people, with nothing to divert her thoughts from her great sorrow. I tried to tell her of God’s never-failing love, upon which we could always rest, and that it was for her. It was just the thing such a weary heart as hers wanted. Gradually the veil was lifted from one side of the face ; and one eye looked upon me as she said, ‘ I have never heard any thing like this before.’ ”

YOUNG BRAHMIN WOMAN.

“ I once found a very young married woman, a Brahminee, among a company at a Brahmin’s house, who could read. She seemed interested in the book I was reading, and, at my request, read part of a page to the rest of the women. I asked if she would like to keep it till I returned, and she assented. But she did not meet me there again. Her young husband, finding it in her hands, beat her, and sent the book to the house where I had met her, with the message that he

wanted nothing more of that sort. Since then I have never been able to get access to that house, though I have repeatedly tried."

HOUSE OF REST.

Miss Hillis of Ceylon gives us the following pleasing description of the "Pilgrim's Rest" in Madras:—

"As the American Board has no mission in Madras, the Mission House at that place is kept for the accommodation of the missionaries of the Ceylon, Madura, Arcot, and Telegoo missions.

"I felt as if the Board had never made a provision for the comfort of those it sends to India more deserving of gratitude than this resting-place.

"As we reposed on the broad veranda, walked about the beautiful shaded grounds or through the corridors, noticing the many homelike comforts, the white curtained beds, the well-filled book-cases, over which was written, 'Food for weary pilgrims,' I was reminded of the Palace Beautiful, where Bunyan's pilgrims were refreshed on their way to the Celestial City. Yet there was a feeling of sadness blended with our satisfaction; so many have rested here who never came back, who taking leave of their work, their friends, and the shores of India, were, though they knew it not, taking leave of the shores of time, —going out upon that ocean on which there are no return ships.

"Here, too, parents bring their children, when they send them away, often very young, and sometimes to be cared for by strangers. These partings of parents and children are very sad. A house which has been the scene of such sacrifices seems sacred."

A returned missionary from Madras, on reading the above, says, "I ever associated this home and its many precious memories with the name it bears in Tamil,—Vûrdu, meaning heaven."

CEYLON.

LETTER FROM MISS HILLIS.

THE demands upon the time and strength of our missionaries are vividly set forth in the following extracts from a letter written by Miss Hillis : —

“ Besides giving as much time to the study of the language as I can, I teach the first and second classes in the English school for an hour every day, and have become very much interested in them.

“ The Panditeripo station, three miles from Batticotta, has no missionary ; and I have charge of the girls’ sewing-school there, and of the women’s prayer-meeting. Of course I have to speak through an interpreter. I go there twice a week. The girls’ sewing-school at this station has also been given to me. I spend an hour a day with them when not at Panditeripo.

“ Two weeks ago, I went with Mr. De Reimer to Caradino, an island three miles from the shore. We spent the day among the people and in the schools. There are eight thousand souls in that part of the Batticotta field, with work enough to keep the hands employed, and to engage the deepest interest of a dozen women. This is given to me also ; but I think it will be impossible for me to go oftener than once a month.

“ I scarcely ever pass through these lanes, among the crowded huts, where in every compound a woman can gather a congregation, without feeling, that, if the women of America could only see the need as we see it, they would bring or send the gospel to these perishing souls in spite of every hindrance.

“ My boys come into the class with their foreheads, chests, and arms marked with the sacred ashes. The little girls in the mission schools, and infants in their mothers’ arms, all bear the same mark. While the mothers rub ashes, and have control of the children, it seems impossible for Christianity to gain a permanent hold upon the people ; yet all are willing to hear

the truth. The women, however, must have it taken to them ; their customs not allowing them to visit each other unless they are relations, nor to attend the churches.”

EXTRACT FROM MISS DEAN'S LETTER.

Miss Dean, of Oroomiah Female Seminary, Persia, in a recent letter, acknowledged the receipt of a box sent by the missionary society in Jackson, Mich. Although long delayed, it reached her in safety, and was the occasion of much happiness, furnishing her with many comforts and luxuries.

She said the ladies could imagine her pleasure in taking out each article, since it was the first time she had been in a dry-goods store for more than two years.

TURKEY.

CHEERING WORDS.

One of our missionaries thus states her first impressions of life and labor in a foreign land, under date of March 1, 1870 : —

“ Though I had left my precious father and mother, and a large circle of brothers and sisters, for the Master's sake, he led me into the arms of loving brothers and sisters here, who gave me a most cordial welcome, and with whom I am very happy. It fills my heart with gratitude that I have been permitted to come and engage in this glorious work, and especially at such a time as this. The missionaries tell me that for years they have not had so much encouragement as within a few months past.

“ PRAY FOR US.”

“ There is nothing which so cheers and strengthens me as the knowledge that many Christian friends in my native land pray for me frequently. In these soul-stirring times, we are continually driven to the throne of grace. Missionaries, especially, feel that every measure must begin with prayer, be carried on, and end with prayer.”

CALL FOR SYMPATHY.

Miss Maltbie, who expected to be associated with Miss Norcross in the school in Eski Zagra, while on the way to her place of labor received intelligence of the death of Miss Norcross. A stranger in a strange land, having no acquaintance with the language of the people, with new and great responsibilities pressing upon her, she has a special claim upon the prayerful interest and sympathy of friends at home. A recent letter from Miss Van Duzee, dated Erzroom, represents her as happy, and interested in her work.

LETTER FROM MRS. COFFING.

A striking instance of the fulfilment of the promise, "My word shall not return unto me void," is related by Mrs. Coffing of Marash.

"While teaching the people who thronged around her on one occasion, she was accosted by a man, a perfect stranger as it seemed to her, who inquired most earnestly if she did not know him. She looked at him attentively, tried to recall his features, and to trace some familiar expression, but in vain. He was disappointed, saying, "But I remember you." He then asked if she did not recollect visiting a certain mountain village several years before, and talking with the people. It was then that he heard from her lips the word of life, and embraced Christ. How many such words, counted lost, eternity will prove to have been the power of God unto salvation."

LESSON FROM SICKNESS.

A missionary who had been called to suffer from sickness and the consequent interruption of her work, with returning health thus refers to her experience: "I am now much better, and hope to be able to accomplish more during the rest of the year. However it may be, I have an abiding and growing conviction that we always accomplish the most when we do or bear just what He sees best, even though it may seem a hindrance."

Home Department.

ON account of the change in the constituency of the A. B. C. F. M., resulting from the re-union of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church, and their co-operation in missionary efforts, a similar change was to be looked for in the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior.

Accordingly, in compliance with the earnestly expressed wish of the officers of the Assembly's Board of Missions, that the women of the Presbyterian Church would act in unison with them, the ladies of that denomination, connected with the Executive Committee of the W. B. M. I., presented their resignation at the meeting of the Committee in December, and with many regrets it was accepted.

SPECIAL MEETING.

On Friday, Jan. 6, in response to a special call from the W. B. M. I., a large number of ladies, belonging to the Congregational Churches of Chicago and vicinity, assembled in the Lecture Room of the First Congregational Church of that city, to act in reference to the vacancies in the Board of Officers occasioned by the resignation of the Presbyterian ladies.

After devotional exercises, and sending words of greeting to the new sister organization, in session at the same hour in another part of the city, brief addresses were made by the President, Mrs. S. C. Bartlett, Mrs. W. W. Patton, and Mrs. E. W. Blatchford.

The election of officers then took place, and the meeting adjourned. The meeting was one of interest, and calculated to inspire new hope and courage.

OUR AUXILIARIES.

It is interesting and cheering to see the missionary spirit extending and gaining influence, especially in the newly-settled portions of our country. Many of our auxiliary societies are composed of those who deny themselves to meet their monthly pledges. In some cases the band of faithful ones numbers but three or four; and in others the members are widely separated, and it is impossible for them to meet often, so that the same interest cannot be excited and maintained which otherwise might be.

Still, in all such instances, a few noble, earnest hearts, full of love for the cause, are working to awaken interest and zeal in others; and we can see that there is progress.

Since our last annual meeting in November, seventeen new auxiliaries have reported: one in Elyria, Ohio, a large and flourishing society, which has hitherto worked independently.

A short time since, a letter was received from Yankton, Dakota Territory, within the limits of what was considered missionary ground a few years ago. The ladies ask for fifty subscription cards to meet the wants of their society, and wish to be informed how they may work most effectively for the cause.

A home missionary last year, the only Congregational minister on a field of seventy-eight miles square, has recently sent two dollars, as the offering of the children of his parish, for the new "Morning Star." His church, consisting of only twenty-three members, has nearly doubled since last July.

Last spring, at the close of a sermon in behalf of Home Missions, the contribution was but *nineteen cents*; while now the ladies propose to organize an auxiliary to assist in the foreign work, and the children have already expressed their interest.

One of our helpers in Iowa shows her zeal and quiet determination in the following letter:—

"About a year ago I tried to establish a society here, to work with the W. B. M. I., but did not succeed. Now I say noth-

ing about a society, but show the ladies the card and circular, and ask if they will not give a few cents weekly for this cause. In this way I have four names, and hope soon to have more.

“I shall have them commence their subscriptions with the first week in January, and then, if possible, get them altogether at the end of the year, call in all the cards and the money, and forward it. In this way I hope to do something for the cause, which is very dear to me.”

Another writes, “Our little home-missionary church, struggling for existence, is hoping soon to help sustain a teacher in one of those interesting schools.

“Yesterday, at a meeting of the Ladies’ Missionary Association, organized to raise funds to build a church, I wish you could have seen the enthusiasm manifested as the plan was discussed. It would certainly have encouraged you in your work; for it shows that there are large and promising fields ready to pour a share of the wealth of their native soil into your treasury.”

A SUGGESTION.

Might not the plan adopted by a friend in one of our suburban towns be followed in cases where it seems impossible to organize an auxiliary?

“This is a new speculators’ town, no community or church gathered as yet; and there is no opportunity to form an auxiliary to the Woman’s Missionary Society, as your card anticipates. Still, I will be heartily with you myself, and pledge twenty-five cents a year, for two years, and, besides, become a life-member. It may not be convenient for me to attend your monthly meetings, but I will pay the thirteen dollars by the middle of the year.”

A PRECIOUS OFFERING.

Seventy-five cents in silver, the contents of a “bank” belonging to a little girl recently deceased, have been forwarded by her mother to the treasurer of the W. B. M. I., with the expression, “I know she would wish it.”



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INATTENTIVE LITTLE GIRLS.

BY MRS. CAPRON.

I WISH I could give you a picture of the little girls who were in my room last evening. C——, the baby's nurse, found them standing on the veranda, and came to ask me if they might come in. They were the five smallest girls in the school, and stood in a line before me, looking very cunning indeed. Susanna has a roguish face, and is a great pet. Rachel is a womanish mite of a girl, never runs, and is always laughably old in every thing she does. Nudchuttheram, rightly named "a star," has the brightest, twinkling eyes, and a perpetually dimpling smile. Nyannammal, not so rightly named "Mother of wisdom," is a quiet, heedless girl, while Parkium is a very proper little miss, whose name means "Happiness."

There they stood, Susanna eying me shyly ; Rachel trying to stand as if she meant to be very devout ; Star twinkling, smiling, and twisting on one foot ; Wisdom gazing at the baby ; and Happiness looking very happy, and behaving her very best.

"Well, little girls, what do you want?" I asked.

"Please tell good advice," said Susanna.

"Very well, what shall I talk about?"

Star, still twinkling, blinking, and twisting, said, "About Repentance."

"Yes," they each added.

I was amused to see that these little girls did not show much interest in their subject, and thought it looked much as if they came to see the room and all its wonders, and to have a bit of a good time. However, I began.

"Supposing to-morrow these clouds should all go away, and the sun should shine out bright. Supposing at night, when you are going into the school-yard, you should see something in the sky, like a kite, coming down over your heads."

While saying this, I was noticing that these little witches were not thinking at all about "good advice," and, indeed, were not having the least idea what I was saying. However, I kept on, and my question, "You would wonder what this was, would you not?" roused them to a painful doubt whether to say "Yes" or "No!" Susanna returned from looking at the clock, which was ticking noisily over my head. Rachel's thoughts had been off somewhere, and she began to try to look "very good." Star came back from watching the baby's feet dancing up and down on my lap, kicking off both little blue socks. Wisdom turned her thoughts from the baby's powder-box, which has a wonderful picture of a house upon it, and which was on the bed; while Happiness, looking much disturbed, gathered together her thoughts, which had been chasing each other over the room. The little row of five made me smile. It was an awkward pause, which I broke by saying, "My little children do not know at all what I am talking about. They have come sight-seeing, and not to talk about repentance."

At this Susanna straightened herself, put her bare feet close together, and shut her lips tightly, as if to say, "I *will* listen."

Rachel looked as if she was the only one who had been behaving properly. Dear little Star ! you would think it never was to sparkle again, so much had its brightness turned into solemn-looking shade. Wisdom was quite frightened, and never lifted her eyes from my lips ; while Happiness looked as if watching her chance to give a prompt answer. It was funny indeed, and very natural for Tamil girls.

I then gave them some "good advice," keeping them wide awake for a few moments, and closing with, "You are very little girls, and have very little minds, which can hold only a little good advice at a time ;" and away they went.

When I come to America, by and by, I wonder if I shall find a Susanna, or a Rachel, or a Star, or a Wisdom, or a Happiness in any of the Sunday schools ?

The writer of the following letter is a pupil in Mrs. Edwards' school, South Africa. She is the daughter of a Christian chief of one of their tribes.

MAKUBALO'S LETTER.

"MY FRIEND,— With joy I begin to write you to-day. We thank you very much indeed, our friends who are loved in our hearts, for the benefaction which has been done for us by our Father who is in heaven. We rejoice very much for the learning which we are taught by the teacher whom you sent to us in this land of darkness great. We thank you for your prayers which you have prayed, and the money you have sent. We remember you always with our prayers. We hope that the Lord will hear us, if we ask him with our hearts, which are placed upon him, which remember. Our teacher whom you sent among us treats us very kindly, as if she were treating all her own children. We tell you about the lessons which we learn. We enter ; after the opening of the school, we recite arithmetic, and then we go out about half-past ten. We enter ;

one class reads in one of your books, and two read in the Testament. We go out at twelve. We eat dinner. We enter again, and write in copy-books, and then at three go out. We enter, and write geography. Then we go out at four. We eat good food. The girls are twenty-six. We send greeting to you all for the kindness and love which has been given us.

“THERESA MAKUBALO.”

HAWAIIAN GIRLS.

BY MISS ABBIE B. CHILD.

It may be that the dear children who have been building the new missionary ship, driving the nails with their pennies, filling seams with bits of paper money, and raising the tall masts with dollar bills, would like to know something of the people who may go to sea in her. It isn't so very long since the last beautiful “Morning Star” went across the ocean on its mission of love, but that some of you can remember the gallant Capt. Bingham, who guided her over the rocks and quicksands to the Sandwich Islands. Do you imagine that this little ship lies lazily at the dock till her captain returns to America? No, indeed! She sails from place to place, carrying the missionaries to the different islands to tell the people of the dear Saviour. Telling them of the Saviour, if they receive him, means a great deal. It means the giving up of their wretched huts made of mud and grass, and the building of houses almost as pleasant as yours. It means that mothers who once killed their little children, and even buried them alive by their own bedsides, to be rid of the care of them, learn to love them. It means that boys and girls who once went wandering about the streets with not a shred of clothing on their bodies are now well dressed, and sitting in their pleasant schoolrooms learning to read about the Good Shepherd who carried the lambs in his bosom.

I wonder if the little girls in America, as they trudge along to school with their mother's good-by kiss still warm on their

lips, with their heads full of ambition to be at the head of the class, or busy with the merry sports they are to have when study is over, could ever guess the reason that the little Hawaiian girls want to go to school. I don't think you could, if you should try a long, long time. I will let you peep into one of Mrs. Bingham's letters, and see if she can tell us. Oh, yes! this is it. She says that one day one of the natives came to her, holding a small bright-eyed girl by the hand, and said, "Won't you take my little Ruth with you, away from her sister's husband? He is determined to have her" — not for his adopted daughter, not for a playmate for his children, but — "for his wife!" That doesn't seem to be such a very strange thing in that country, for Mrs. Bingham says that there is another child by her side who wants to go for the same reason; and there are others, Dorcas Tirno, Esther Tiero, Rorena, the king's daughter, and Maure, his niece, who say, "Let us go, too, where we can learn about this blessed Saviour." So these little girls go on board "The Annie," a schooner which they use instead of the lost "Morning Star," and sail round to Butaritari, where there is a small boarding-school established, and where the good missionary can protect them from unwelcome husbands, as well as teach them about the Saviour.

Is there any thing you can do for these girls? Yes: you can give your pennies to help buy food and clothing for the missionary who teaches them; but there is something that Mrs. Bingham wants you to do more, and that is to pray for them. You don't need to be rich, or learned, or even very good, to go to God in prayer. Did you ever think that perhaps God saw that his little children had forgotten to pray for their beautiful ship, for the missionaries, and the Hawaiian girls who sometimes sailed in her, and so he permitted the fierce winds to dash her upon the rocks? When the next "Morning Star" shall sail, let her be heavily freighted with your prayers, which, so far from weighing her down, will bear her lightly before the wind to the islands of the sea.

MISSION CIRCLES.

CHAMBERS-STREET CHAPEL.

FORTY Mission Circles have been formed in the Sunday school connected with this chapel.

Every class has an appropriate name, and a separate box to receive its contributions each Sabbath. Thus the children are trained to habits of systematic benevolence. A quarterly meeting is to be held, at which the Superintendent will give missionary intelligence, open the boxes, and report the contents.

One hundred and fifty copies of the "Echoes" are subscribed and paid for by the pupils.

MISS E. A. JELLISON, *Sec'y.*

EUGH-A-PERS.

A class of young girls in Central-Church Sabbath School, Boston, has formed a Mission Circle called the Eugh-a-pers, or Oil-Bringers. They hope to fill at least one little lamp which shall give a ray of light to save some darkened soul.

LITTLE GLEANERS.

This Mission Circle connected with Rev. Mr. Timlou's church, Walpole, Mass., held a Fair, Dec. 24, which was very pleasant and successful. Seventy-nine dollars, a portion of the proceeds, were received by our Treasurer, through Mrs. Loring Johnson. Profitable gleanings for the poor heathen. May the gatherings be equally productive in 1871!

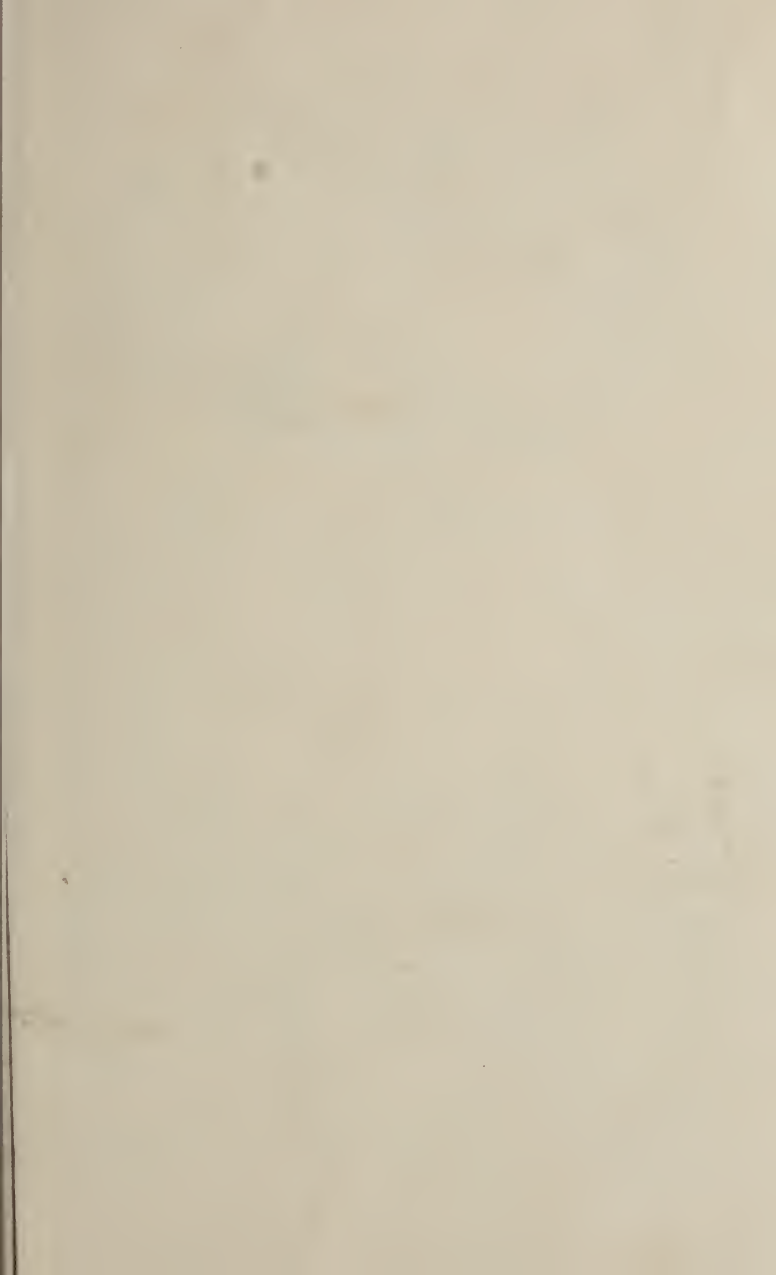
Twenty-five copies of the "Children's Quarterly" can be obtained for one dollar a year, or one hundred for four dollars, by sending to the Secretary of the W. B. M., 33 Pemberton Square, Boston.

Under the Willow-Tree.

BY MRS. EDWIN WRIGHT.

WILLOW-TREE, willow-tree, spread your long arms,
Plume your green leaves, and unfold all your charms ;
Over the greensward in shadowy traces
Dance with the light in fairy-like paces ;
Ripple the brook that runs at thy feet ;
Gild with slant sunbeams this soft mossy seat :
For I wish my friends so to love this sweet place,
That at mention a smile shall light up each face.
There's Kitty this minute, and Hattie and Sue,
And Johnnie and Harry, and little Fred True ;
And away in the distance, following the brook,
Nettie and Laura and Miriam Cook.
I'm so glad I came early, and mossed the large stones !
I'm sure, in the sunlight, they'll look like gold thrones.
How pretty I've fixed it ! how lovely it looks !
'Tis prettier than places we read of in books.
"Hurrah, for you, Minnie ! I must speak out my mind,
For a prettier spot one never could find."
I am glad you are pleased ; and, Harry, I look
That you boys will behave "just as good as a book."
Don't laugh at aught we may say or may do,
But every one to our purpose be true.
And now, as we want to be taught the best way,
Suppose together we kneel down and pray :
Let us say with one voice, "Dear Father, do make
Us wise in thy service for Christ Jesus' sake.
Oh, help us in all our planning to see
What's best for the heathen, and to glorify thee."
"I'll tell you what *I* think," good, Johnnie, for you :
" 'Tis something that's proper and easy to do.
When the days are like this, sunshiny and fair,
And for colds and wet feet we need have no care,
Let's follow the course of this gurgling brook,
And drink in its music, and search every nook
Where mosses are found, both the crisp and the green.
I can take you to places you never have seen.

The girls these can gather, with red berries too,
And ferns and curious plants not a few :
While *I* and the boys will strip fresh birch-bark,
And cut mossy twigs and woods rich and dark ;
Gather nuts to carve faces, or rub into rings,
Or make into chains, and other nice things.
And under the willow we'll gather our store,
Make a cave for our treasures, with small lattice-door
To let in the sunlight and warm summer breeze,
And what with mosses and plants best agrees ;
So that when the chill winds and rain-storms appear,
And no longer our willow can shelter us here,
We shall have our materials, rough odds and ends,
And in-doors can shelter our dear mission friends.
Our fern'ries commence, and light work begin,
Rustie houses construct to old castles akin ;
Bird-cages of straw, as Hattie suggests ;
Freddy True, says he knows of some tiny old nests."
" Why, Kitty and I had both the same thought :
We can make prettier things than often are bought.
But I see by the flash of Nettie's black eyes,
That she can add something else if she tries."
" I was thinking I'd learn to sew very neat,
Mamma's happy smile not only to meet,
But useful things to make that would sell,
Such as aprons and skirts, and flannels as well,
And so help the suffering at home and abroad,
For we asked how *most* to glorify God."
" So will I ! " " So will I ! " I knew you would try,
Although the learning cost many a sigh.
But now let us follow out Johnnie's wise plan,
And some other time think up more if we can.
Dear Willow, don't whisper our secret out loud
On a light summer-breeze to the world's careless crowd ;
And soon we will bring you our stores in a heap,
And you for the heathen our treasures will keep.
And now into musing fell the old tree,
While each little leaf leaned over to see
The happy young group tripping lightly away,
Earnest in purpose, but gay as in play.

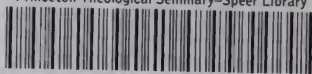


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Life and Light for Heathen Women

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